

NYE IN THE WEST

William Stops Off at Some Places in California.

HE SEES PETER JACKSON

And Makes a Few Philosophical Remarks About Pugilism in General. The \$2 Bill Wasn't Good.

ROUND ABOUT CALIFORNIA, March. Last evening I saw Peter Jackson, the great colored pugilist, in his masterly creation of Uncle Sam. Mr. Jackson has the average face of a colored man, not refined and beautiful as some have imagined. We often hear from admiring friends that Mr. Corbett is every foot of home, and that John L. Sullivan, if such



I took it while rehearsing my piece. I was surprised in his room, will generally be found perching over the "Elmer." So, too, we learn that Peter Jackson, the colored person who fights people for a livelihood, is "a perfect gentleman" and far above the average in intelligence.

These statements are, some of them, true. Parson Davis, who manages Peter, is the quiet party who supplies the intelligence. He knows how a prizefighter should conduct himself, and he tells Peter. Then Peter very wisely does that way. The long looked for prizefighter whose great intellect would grace the cabinet has not yet arrived.

Peter Jackson, I had been led to believe, would elevate the stage. People told me that he resembled Salvini on the stage. He does not. They belong to two different schools of acting. Salvini is more in rapport with the audience.

I have never seen Corbett act, but I judge that he will rank with Jackson and Sullivan, whose rankness is noticeable even from the back seat.

Race prejudice has nothing to do with my criticism. When I begin to criticize, I do not let those things interfere; neither do I care to attack a man without cause who has chosen the great field of art as his profession.

I simply wish to say that the pugilist depends for his success outside the ring on the man who manages him and how well he obeys his manager. When he begins to think, he is lost.

But the question arises, Has the pugilist who has succeeded a right to star in a play? Of course he has. Anybody has the right to avail himself of even accidental notoriety to exhibit himself in answer to the public demand, and then the public must decide whether it is worth a dollar or not.

Peter Jackson is a good looking man anatomically. More so than he is uncleanly. I may say. He has long arms, with rather slender wrists and small hands and feet. He is well arranged for fighting purposes, but his interpretation of Uncle Tom won't do.

If he would punish Lagree profusely, I would agree to rewrite the play so as to give him a chance. Then if I could name the man to play Lagree I would be almost too happy.

We have been playing between Peter Jackson and the Baroness Blanc for some weeks at this writing. Artistically they differ in only one particular. The Baroness has good clothes—or did have prior to Ogden—while Peter has not.

The Baroness has already socked \$40,000 into the opening which admiring friends thought they saw for her. California is not a good state to visit with a poor entertainment unless one has return tickets.

The Baroness does not get her title by descent. She subscribed for it, I think, and got it that way.

Her husband's name was Baron, instead of Peter or George. I have a neighbor in North Carolina named General West. He was named the same way. He is the owner of the celebrated mule Mary.

The Baroness followed as heroically as far as Ogden, and there the constabulary at the depot laid violent hands on the baggage of her company. It was sad to witness the scene.

It is bad enough to enter San Francisco

and compete with a great cry run or talent when one has all the clothes he can get, but to undertake a difficult role there while one's clothing is in Ogden is said to be one of the saddest things in stage life.

This is especially true where the clothes constitute the merit of the play.

In Salt Lake City we received at the door a \$2 bill, which we have since learned is not negotiable. Will the man who paid it in at the window please make it right should these lines meet his eye?

It is a pale green bill for \$2 and seems to have been issued by the First National bank of Salt Lake. In the hurry and rush at the door I took it while rehearsing my piece to myself.

I would not ask to have the account made good under ordinary circumstances, but we are so far from home and carriage hire is so steep here in California that we feel a little crippled by the loss.

Spring opens beautifully in this state. We rode down from the Summit in the night, after a long journey through a winter season of unusual severity, and when the day dawned we were in the Sacramento valley, with the song of the bobolink and the scent of violets in the air. It is hard to describe how two worn and frozen men, after weeks of interrupted storm and frost, blinded by the dazzling snow and ice, hailed with wet eyes and croupy welcome the green grass and the spring as they burst upon us in a moment.

Close yourselves at Truckee, dear reader, and tell the porter to call you at Sacramento. Go to sleep where the snow is 20 feet deep and wake up in the fresh meadows where the odor of newly plowed fields can greet your peeled and frozen nose; then you will know that even in this world there is sometimes for each heartache a compensating joy.

Sam Davis is still farming at Carson and running The Appeal.

He keeps his subscription list written on the wall of his office, and sometimes when the plastering falls down as many as seven or eight subscriptions expire.

Once he moved into another building, and the old one became a boarding house. The poor invalid who used the old office as a bedroom says he is still annoyed by Sam, who comes there at all hours of the night to look over the old subscription list.

"It is still more awkward," says the invalid, "because my coach is in the way, and I often wake up in the night to find Sam standing on the bed, and with one hand on my chest to steady himself by he is changing the address of a subscriber."

Mr. Davis has for many years given his attention to the cultivation of fine cattle, mostly Holsteins. There is little about the rise and fall of the Holstein that he does not know. Recently, however, he has been, he says, cruelly wronged by a man who has been his friend. Sam has done much for him, but in February last he sold Sam a cow that had no front teeth in the upper jaw.

He said a good deal about it and tried to recover from the man, but could not. San Francisco journalists sent him circulars and price lists for artificial teeth that would fit the cow, but he would not laugh and refused to be comforted.

By and by Joseph T. Goodman offered to bet with Sam \$100 against all the Dutch luncheons required by Joe during his natural lifetime that no cow had front teeth on the upper jaw, and the two men went out around Oakland trying to find a cow so that they could ascertain it. It was a pleasing picture, those two middle aged married men going about Oakland inquiring at the jewelry stores and everywhere if they kept a cow.

Once they found one on her way to her work. She met them pleasantly, as all Californians meet a stranger, and passed on, thinking that was the end of it, but Sam said now was the time and started off after her, for he knew as soon as he met her that it was a cow, which shows that he is not only possessed of great literary resources, but is full of general information.

Sam had a heavy gray overcoat on at the time, but he pressed on. The cow broke into a run, which threw her milky way first on one side and then the other as she ran. She was a low set cow, with great trip facilities, and could not run with much grace, but after we had watched Sam awhile as he ran it was a relief to look at the cow.

Finally in the foothills a man met them and caught the cow for them. She was flushed and angry, and when Sam thrust his forefinger into her mouth she did not attempt to conceal her disgust.

A sickly pallor passed over the face of Mr. Davis as he touched the empty gums. Could it be that, after he had introduced the Holstein strain of cattle into Nevada and California, he was still ignorant of the cow and her home life? Also, yes; he did not know the real cow. He only knew the Delaware cow—the cow that one sees in the papers.

Worse than all this, seeing his advantage, Mr. Goodman began to add other information regarding the cow, and, so to say, while he had Davis down fairly snowed him under with facts which related to the cow and which Mr. Davis was in no condition to deny.

Mr. Davis now believes that certain kinds of cows hibernate, and that if they come out and see their shadow on Cal-

ifornia they go back and leave a cow for Easter at 9 a. m.

Also that the sea cow can be taught to come up nights, and that there is a big chance for some one to get hold of the Sargasso sea under the desert land act and stock it with these beautiful and docile creatures.



IT WAS A RELIEF TO LOOK AT THE COW. In the meantime Mr. Goodman eats a light breakfast, relying on a late lunch, which Mr. Davis pays for.

In another letter I will speak more fully of the state of California and its advantages over Maine as a winter climate.

Bill Nye
SPOILING A PLAY.

A Case of Neglect That Had a Most Disastrous Result.

A number of London cockneys had formed themselves into an amateur theatrical association. Mistaking energy of purpose for histrionic ability—a fault not unknown to amateurs—they determined to undertake Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Richard III."

The initial performance was to be given on the night of boxing day, the 26th of December, at one of the little suburbs of mighty London.

On the eventful night of the performance the actors, stimulated by the applause of the audience, which was of course composed chiefly of relatives and near friends, had lost much of the uneasiness attendant upon a first appearance. Already had they begun to give their individual genius a fuller rein. Much "business" which had not been tried at rehearsals was now attempted with impunity. All went well until the fourth scene of act 4, when Catesby rushes in to announce to the king the capture of Buckingham. Of course our actors used the interpolated version that puts into Richard's mouth the well known exclamation: "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!"

But there was even a greater liberty taken with the text than the ambitious friends intended. As soon as Catesby had delivered himself of his lines, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," etc., he paused to allow the king to make the usual exclamation. At each of the rehearsals the actor impersonating Richard had hardly given the messenger time to pronounce his lines before shrieking out of the situations of the tragedy. But during the performance he had decided that it would be much more natural and impressive to stride up and down the stage a number of times, gnashing his teeth before delivering the lines in his most guttural tones, which were to pass for deep and concentrated hatred.

Unfortunately for the result, he had neglected to consider his change of idea to his fellow actor. Catesby waited what doubtless seemed to him an age. But the only effect the news of Buckingham's capture seemed to have upon Richard was to make him take even longer strides than before and make an extremely unpleasant noise "gritting" his teeth. After venturing several interrogatory coughs, which did not alter either the pace of the monarch or provoke any reply whatever, the unfortunate Catesby decided to save the day, which seemed to him on the verge of being lost, by a belated step.

Regarding the monarch's frown, he began, again in a clear voice, "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," and concluded boldly, "an we've took off is 'aill'!" The effect was electric. There was no art, but nature, in the burst of anger with which the enraged Richard, tearing off his crown and armor and hurling them at his unfortunate but well meaning support, screamed out: "You 'ave 'ave 'ave! Well, you've been an spoilt the whole bloomin' play." The tragedy came to an untimely end.—Harper's Magazine.

Well Named.

Authors have been known to say that it is easier to write a book than to find a title for it, and one man goes so far as to declare that a happy title is given only by inspiration. So it seems to have been in this case.

A gentleman living near Flimeth had a valuable and handsome horse which he had named Ajax. Last season, by great good luck, he came across

an excellent mate for it and purchased it at once.

Then the question arose what to call it. There was some delay in finding a name in every respect satisfactory, till after a day or two, on going to the stable, the gentleman found that his groom had solved the difficulty.

Over the stall of the old family favorite was painted his name, Ajax, and over that of the newcomer the hostler had printed in big chalk letters, "B. Jax."—Yankee Blade.

Bright Women.

Snags—It's dreadfully annoying when, after reading through a novel which has aroused your interest, you come to the portion containing the denouement and find the leaves missing.

Jags—It is that. And there's where a woman has the advantage over a man.

Snags—How?

Jags—She turns to the denouement first, and if isn't there she doesn't read the book.—New York Press.

A Good Reason.

"Willie! Willie!" said the boy's mother, "who are you crying for?"

"N-nothin'," sobbed Willie.

"The idea of a boy like you crying for nothing!"

"W-well, it's nicer th-than cryin' for something, 'cause w-when you cry for something y-you don't always get it, but w-when you cry for n-nothin' you d-do get it."—Harper's Bazar.

He Saw Not.

Clevertown—Miss Pendarsh had on her new gown when I called the other night. Have you seen it?

Dashaway—Yes. I was there last night.

Clevertown—Didn't you think it fitted beautifully?

Dashaway—The gas was so low I couldn't see.—Cloak Review.

Straight.

"I heard an alarm of fire, I think," he said in the theater, "and I must go out and see about it." Returning after 15 minutes—"It wasn't a fire," he said shortly. "No water," said she still more briefly.—Yale Record.

Her Host.

Host (to visitor)—Ah, what a pity you did not come a minute sooner; my wife has just cleared away the coffee!

Little Moritz—Yes, and she nearly broke a cup in her hurry!—Deutsche Wespen.

Where It Was.

Jack—Seen my tobacco pouch anywhere, Dora?

Dora—Oh, don't say you want it. I've just done it up in my back hair as a pad.—Slopers.

Answered.

Teacher—Now give me a French noun admitting of a diminutive suffix, such as table, tablette.

Pupil—Homme, omelette.—Flegende Blatter.

Here.

Mr. Norris—Yes, my dear, there's where you had me.

Mr. Norris—Where was that?

Mr. Norris—At the altar.—Vogue.

Truly English.

"Where's Chollie? I have not met the dear boy for a week."

"He went to Lunnion to get his hair cut."—Indianapolis Journal.

Appropriate.

"Why do you call your male Time, Uncle Jasper?"

"'Kase you got to get 'im by de forelock to stand any show."—Indianapolis Journal.

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

When woman, lovely woman, has declared that it shall be.

How feeble are the courts of law to change her hard decree!

We say as well lay down our cards and give up in despair.

We cannot stop this dreadful thing that she is bound to wear.

And so let up, prepare to give with meek and humble tone.

Before this ill we dread so much—the coming crisis.

As on the streets she trips along, when winds are blowing high.

From grand stands we may view her as she gaily flutters by.

And as she enters the restaurant she makes a bluff 'togo.

They will have to open both the doors, to give her half a shove.

And when she sits upon his lap, poor George cannot be seen.

For he'll be out of sight beneath the coming crisis.

When elevators take her up in solitary state.

Our stateroom and our orators below will have to wait.

And if a fellow asks a girl if she will be his own He'll have to pop the question through a modern telephone.

And yet, in spite of all these facts, the women, fat and thin,

Will still the dismal advent of the coming crisis.

It's fearful just to think of when a fellow, just for style,

Flings his cap over his head by at least a half a mile.

Embue the beach with sand and very much in here.

And from his back and up side and a suspended arm above.

And yet, despite of all and first, the women, fat and thin,

All hail the dismal advent of the coming crisis.

—C. C. Barker.

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